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WHERE ARE THE CHRISTIANS IN THE ARMY?

BY A LADY OF NORTH CAROLINA.

Not long since, a returned soldier was lamenting the immorality of the camp. Though not a professor of religion himself, he deeply deplored the desolating tide which is sweeping almost unresisted over the army, and threatening to engulf, in one common ruin, the hopes of the country and the church.

"Where," he was asked, "are the christian men who have gone to the army? Is not their influence felt in checking this fearful flood?"

"Ah, no! they lose their religion as soon as they come into camp," was the mournful reply.

Young man, is this your sad case? Have you lost your religion since you joined the army? What position do you occupy? You *profess* to be a christian. You have enlisted under the great Captain of our salvation, thus engaging to fight his battles and to induce all, whom you can influence, to join his ranks. How many recruits have you rallied to His standard? How often have you borne aloft that bright and unsullied banner, with

the name, "Immanuel," emblazoned on its ample folds? Are the weapons of your warfare tarnished by disuse? Does your sword rust in its scabbard because it is no longer wielded? Are you sleeping on your post? Laying aside figures, I ask, are you living up to your profession in spite of the temptations around you? Are you letting your light so shine, that others "may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven?"

While at home, surrounded by the influences of the sanctuary, and enjoying the other means of grace, you found it comparatively easy to be consistent. Loved ones believed that all was well with you and you were held up as a model. Now, however, the scene is changed. You go forth, from the influence of a godly mother or sister, and are ushered into scenes of vice and wickedness of which you had formed no previous conception. The hours of morning and evening devotion, which before, had been so carefully observed in the retirement of your closet, are now disturbed by the scoffer's jest and the rude laugh. The holy Sabbath, which has been devoted to communion with your God, is now profaned by sounds of sinful merriment. That name, which you have been taught to utter with profoundest reverence, you now hear echoed in fearful desecration.

How have these things affected you? At first, I know you shuddered to breathe the atmosphere of pollution, and your soul recoiled, with horror, from

contact with such depravity. Gradually, however, the ribald jest and the profane invocation became familiar sounds and no longer grate on the ear. You, ere long, contentedly "stand in the way of sinners," and, before you are aware of the growing influence of the Evil One, are sitting "in the seat of the scornful." Where now is the memory of that mother's parting admonition? Where the hallowed influence of the closet and of that Volume, now neglected, which was once a light to your path and a lamp unto your feet? Where are the vows of consecration, by which you were pledged to labor for your Captain?

In the hour of battle, when such solemn interests are at stake, does not your General call on each man to do his duty? That is a moment when there can be no faltering. Let a man cower and shrink back—how quickly he is branded as a coward! Let him become a deserter—how fearful is his doom!

Thus, in the sterner conflict of this daily warfare, does the great Captain of our salvation call on each christian soldier to fight his battles. Will you strain every nerve to achieve the victory? Or will you fall back from his ranks and prove a deserter? In this hour so trying to men's souls; when our adversary is casting his skillful net far and wide, and entangling numbers of precious ones in its dreadful meshes; when so many are being hurried into the realities of eternity; oh, christian man, do you stand by, eager to speak a word for your Master?

Do you tell dying sinners of the love of Jesus? Do you point them to the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world? Do you whisper in their ear the preciousness of the believer's joy? When this bloody strife is over, and you return to your quiet home, will you then have the sweet recollection of having led one wanderer in the path to heaven? In this field, white unto the harvest, how many sheaves are you binding for your Master? Reflect on these things, and work while the day lasteth.

WATCH AND PRAY.

My soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sins are pressing hard,
To draw thee from the skies.

Oh, watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor once at ease sit down:
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou hast got thy crown.

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